



The Observer



Christmas, 1930





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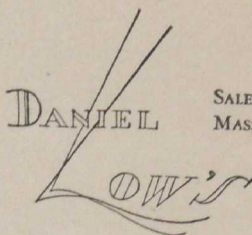
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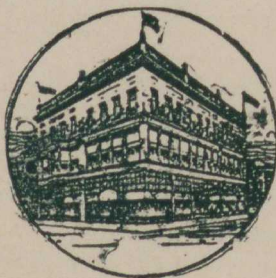
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THE OBSERVER

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The Observer is a Literary Magazine, published by Peabody High School. Its aim is to cultivate a high literary spirit among the students by exercising them in both critical and creative composition. It also serves as a bond between the Alumni and their Alma Mater, chronicling their success and telling briefly the important happenings of school life.

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The Spirit of Christmas

The short mid-winter evening
Had deepened into night;
Solemn stillness lulled the earth
Hallowed by the moon's pale light.

Beneath the clear, cold heavens,
Snug in its blanket of white,
There lay a peaceful village
Wrapped in sleep this wondrous night.

From the window of a lowly home
A candle's faint and flickering light
Bespoke of peace and glad content
This glorious Christmas night.

Beyond this slumbering village,
A towered city rose,
A gay and happy murmur
Replaced the solemn repose.

In windows tall and stately
Lights twinkled with delight;
Sweet and soft the music echoed
The glad tidings of Christmas night.

Far and wide this spirit spread,
The spirit of this glorious night;
It reached the hearts of all alike
And kindled there a sacred light.

MARY RODZYNSKI '31.

Love Never Dies

It was Christmas eve, Christmas eve in the big city, and the very atmosphere seemed to breath the spell of Yuletide with its essence of evergreen that adorned the buildings, its aroma of pine from the mammoth community tree that graced the square, and the purity of the cold, stinging snow. Everywhere one could see evidence of Christmas cheer; in the show windows of the stores where various merchandise was displayed amid the glamor of tinsel and sparkling artificial snow, in the wreath-bedecked windows from which shone rows of flickering candles, and above all, on the faces of the hurrying, throbbing mass of people that wove around, in and out of the crowded streets. Nodding acquaintances, chatting friends, and the noisy vendors on the street, all joined in the universal expression on every tongue "Merry Christmas."

There was, however, amid this joyous mob, a man so utterly out of keeping with his fellow men that he seemed like an ill-fitting piece in an otherwise perfectly matched picture-puzzle. It was as a contrast of black and white, this lone, stern-looking gentleman and that gay, debonair man, who for a moment rubbed elbows with him as the tide of shoppers surged onward. The former was clad in a great, enveloping fur coat, the collar of which framed a hard, lined face, one of a rather elderly person whose heart had become, in some way, embittered.

The somber eyes lighted for an instant as he beheld a laughing woman, laden with bundles and holding fast by the hand, an eager wide-eyed, small boy. His straight-lined mouth softened momentarily into a curving smile, but he checked it and became once again the unbending man. She

had, for a brief, happy second, reminded him of his own beloved daughter who had, to his undying sorrow, and against his wishes, married a man who, though ambitious and of good people, was far removed from the social ring in which his beautiful, wealthy child moved. In violent anger the father had sent this only child out of his life, and never had he again seen her, or his grandchildren. But do not believe that he had forgotten. It was only his unrelenting pride and unjust hatred of the man who had removed his girl from the social realm of the well-to-do. Heart broken by the rupture between father and daughter, the gentle woman who was his wife, had died the following year. This, perhaps the greatest blow of all, had served only to make him more bitter, and caused him to shut himself in his luxurious home, alone with his faithful butler, Parker. This kindly man had served his master for forty years and though devoted to him, he had in his inmost heart, a deep pity for the girl he had idolized from babyhood. Though they agreed outwardly in most things, his master realized that inwardly Parker's sympathies were with the estranged girl. Alone, these two kept a home in the great estate just outside the heart of the city.

It was to this that the owner was making his way when, passing a great cathedral he was arrested by the sound of its great organ, issuing from the broad doors, hospitably open to all who might seek comfort there. On sudden impulse he turned his steps hither and made his way up the stairs of the church as the chimes in the steeple proclaimed the midnight Christmas service. Inside, everything was quiet, a restful relief from the din of the metropolitan street, and as this determined, self-willed man seat-

ed himself in one of the pews, the tones of the organ rose in response to the compelling fingers of the organist and gave forth the sadly beautiful Christmas hymns. Perhaps it was the magic of the swell of the organ, or perhaps the soft candlelight which was delicately reflected on the lightly tinted windows, or again it might have been an unseen, unheard power which held him in its grip, that made the hard, set features of the man's face relax, and caused him to slip to his knees on the bench at his feet. To this unknown power we shall lay what followed. In the soft light, the lined face became almost wrinkled, the cold, steely eyes became soft and sad, vaguely wistful, and they shone with an unseeing brightness as they were raised to the vaulted dome of the church. Here there appeared a misty vision which took the likeness of his adored wife, and it was she—or was it the bishop who took his stand in the pulpit, who spoke gently to him, "God is love, and love cannot die." The vision remained but a few seconds longer, gently smiling, and then faded. The kneeling man got up and passed slowly from the church into the fast-thinning crowd.

Slowly he wended his way homeward, utterly grieved and despondent. Aimlessly he roamed through the vast rooms of the house, recalling memories of gay Christmas parties and the noise of dancing feet and laughing voices. He went back even further to the Christmas eves when he tiptoed

cautiously about, trimming a big tree for the sleeping child upstairs. With these memories he mentally compared the present gloomy stillness and the unadorned windows. At last, he retired, only to spend a sleepless night tossing in his bed.

Following a lonely breakfast, served by the watchful Parker, the unhappy man went into his beautifully appointed study where he was brooding when Parker appeared in the doorway.

"A Christmas gift for you, sir."

Into the room he gently pushed two tiny children, clad in little chinchilla coats, and furry tams and quickly closed the door before his master could say a word. Hand in hand, the little children stood where Parker had left them, and in small, sweet voices said, "We are your Christmas present, Grandpa."

The bewildered man clutched the arms of his chair, and straining forward, gazed at the twins. As he looked at their rosy cheeks and big appealing brown eyes, and saw golden-brown curls peeping from beneath soft fur tams, he realized that "Love cannot die." He dropped to his knees and gathered the children into his arms and felt the old bitterness leaving his heart. A few moments later he arose and pressed a bell, to which Parker answered so promptly that it was apparent he had been no great distance from the door.

"Parker, tell my daughter and my son that I am waiting for them."

NATHALIE L. BLISS '31.

"It Is More Blessed To Give Than To Receive"

There was to be no exchange of Christmas gifts this year, in the family, as Sterlyn Gordon had made very plain. This Christmas "stuff" was all "the bunk" anyway; time and money wasted, just to help the merchants sell their goods. Half of the things no one wanted either to give or receive. It didn't mean a thing any more, if it ever did; he rather doubted if it ever did. So his mind was quite free on that subject, as he stopped for his morning paper the day before Christmas.

"Ain't Christmas grand?" the little freckled face newsboy asked, beaming with joy.

"Sure!" was the listless reply.

"Ain't we goin' to have a tree at the church tonight?" pointing across the street, "with candy and nuts, and everything. And tomorrow a big dinner? I'll say it's grand!"

Then, "Oh, wait a minute, mister," he called after the retreating man who quickly turned "Look!" displaying a red glass pin for the man's inspection. "Ain't this a peach!" proudly. "It's for my mom. She just loves jewelry. 'Course this ain't good enough for her, but it's the best I could afford." Then with a sigh, "I sure hope she likes it."

"Of course she will," the man reassured him.

"I sure hope so. Merry Christmas, mister."

"Merry Christmas," returned Sterlyn Gordon.

The incident was recalled later, when one of the men in the office showed him a watch he had for his wife. In fact, it was recalled several times during the day, as others proudly showed him gifts they had purchased for some loved one. "More useless spending," was the mental comment.

Late that day one of the men laid

before him a package. "Isn't that cute?" Gordon saw only a very crudely fashioned calendar but Johnson was smiling and his eyes were moist. "My little five-year-old made that all by herself. I tell you I'd rather have that than almost anything," was the proud boast. "She couldn't wait until tomorrow to give it to me," the man chuckled.

"Funny," mused Gordon, 'how much those things mean sometimes.' He remembered a foolish little penwiper hidden away in his dresser, the work of Helen's five-year-old fingers, several years ago; but he remembered how happy they both were over it.

"It's a good thing people drop their grouches once a year and can speak decently to a fellow."

"Do you mean Christmas?" Gordon asked the man at his side.

"Certainly," was the reply. "Some people in this office grouch all year, but just as soon as Christmas comes, they're all smiles."

"Working for a present, maybe," was the comment.

"No, they aren't," was the emphatic reply. "They're all talking about what they're going to give—not get. No sir! They just forget themselves once a year and remember there are others on earth. A good thing they do."

Gordon thought about it many times that day. Perhaps Allen was right. Perhaps people did give because they enjoyed giving. Perhaps it really was unselfishness on their part. After all, life wouldn't be worth much if you didn't have anyone you cared enough about to ever give a present. That was the one way you showed people you cared.

It would be rather strange not to have any of the usual excitement of Christmas preparations at home. No whispered secrets and no excitement

about hiding gifts. It would be sort of quiet, too.

Junior was "a great kid." He certainly did want those skates. And Helen would be as proud as a peacock with that wrist watch she had been talking about so much. And James, "the little scamp," surely would be disappointed if that football wasn't there tomorrow morning.

And Ann—bless her heart—she was the best wife and mother possible. She deserved something mighty fine. They were a fine family," and nothing

was too good for them. And he was going to show them that he thought so, too.

Was there time enough? Yes, if he hurried. After telephoning home he would be late, off he rushed shouting "Merry Christmas" as he went.

Hours later on the train, speeding homeward, he was too happy to think of how tired he was. He smiled to himself as he muttered—"That's true: it is more blessed to give than to receive."

NATHALIE SIM '31.

The Birth of Christ

Come! let us adore this mystery of love
Chanted by angels from above;
Tidings of joy they spread afar
Guided on by that lone bright star,
Whose radiance o'er the crib of Christ unfurled
Served as a beacon to the world .

For the birth of Christ the bells were ringing,
For the son of God were the angels singing,
To Bethlehem straight the shepherds ran
To see the wonder God wrought for man,
Singing the song that shall never cease,
"Oh earth, happiness, good will, and peace."

THELMA F. KING '31.

We Mortals

One night when the stars shone clear and the moon beamed bright bright upon the crystal Doonder "Wasser," Peter Hoogt and Hans Vondel, prosperous farmers on the Zee, came together to the inn on Gottfried's land. Arm in arm they strolled into the beer garden and seated themselves in full view of the fertile fields and the slow-moving stream.

Peter motioned to a waiter and said, "Zwei." Soon the rustle of a white apron came, and two large glass steins were placed upon the polished table with but little ceremony. The foam on Hans's stein tumbled off and caused a little pool near the center of the clean surface. Peter wiped the foam from his stein with his forefinger, deposited it in the same little pool, and then looked to Hans.

Hans said, "Ach, the waiter has saved me that trouble." Lifting the glass and smiling at Peter he proposed, "To our good children."

Peter answered, "May they be happy." Together they took long draughts on the steins. Then they gazed out upon the scene before them.

The Doonder "Wasser" and the rich fields stretched out on the sight. A long and lazy stream is the "Wasser" with the cool sweetness of the meadows pervading its ever-meandering path. It winds its way from the zee through the fertile farm lands and loses itself in the shadow of the distant sand dunes that hold away the angry sea. As they gazed upon the stream, Peter and Hans inwardly blessed the "Wasser," for it turned the giant arms of their wind mills, and watered their thirsty fields. It is a motherly stream watching over the children who dwell upon its banks.

Hans turned. "Nack Zwei." They

emptied their steins that the waiter might take them away as he brought the others.

To spend an evening in the cool beer garden beneath the stars, to think happy thoughts, to hear the soft-flowing Doonder stream go by, to place an empty stein upon the table, and to utter louder and each time louder still, "Nach eins," to take a long and tasty draught, to hold the whole world at naught,—all this was life.

Such was the order of the evening for Peter and Hans after they had spent a long and weary day in the fields. Despite all the steins they never lost themselves, but as the time grew late they again walked arm in arm through the doors steadying each other as they went.

This night as they sat talking over their steins Peter asked of Hans, "And when our children marry what dowry gets my son Josef from his father-in-law?"

His mind a little turned by the beer Hans replied arrogantly as proud fathers often do, "My daughter needs no dowry—not Hans Vondel's daughter."

"But my son must have a dowry. Shall he not receive even a half-hundred marks?" Peter carried the fun a little further not realizing that Hans would be quick to feel resentment.

"Not a mark, no, not a mark! He should pay me a dowry instead for such a beautiful wife," burst forth Hans.

Peter was offended. "Then I shall not allow him to marry —" Hans trembled with anger. He lifted the stein and cast its contents full into Peter's face. Without speaking another word he made his way through the maze of tables and

stumbled from the garden. Then he went his way home. Peter sat in his chair amazed. First he was silent but as he remarked that he was the object of all eyes he became angry. He too staggered from the garden. He looked about but Hans was not in sight. There was nothing to do but to go home. So began the enmity between Peter and Hans.

On the following day they met in the street. Each expected the other to approach him, and to try to make him forget the events of the preceding evening. But both were too proud. They passed by, one looking to the right, the other to the left. Then Hans gazed over his shoulder hoping that Peter had stopped to retrace his steps, but he saw that instead Peter had continued. Therefor he too continued. Now Peter looked back with the same hope, but he saw Hans on his way. A nod, a smile, a word would have reconciled them. As it was, their pride held sway over their better judgment. Men do not like to admit their errors, nor do they like to give in to each other easily.

Peter went home feeling that he was not to blame for Hans's cussed stubbornness. The more he considered the more he was convinced that he ought not to speak to Hans until the latter spoke to him first. Hans entertained the same sentiments, feeling that Peter had insulted him. As a result they instructed their families not to have any intercourse with each other in the future.

"You, Helen, will not speak to that Josef again. I forbid it. Shall he demand a dowry when he is to marry the prettiest girl on the Nee? You, my wife, will have nothing to do with Mrs. Vondel. Do you both understand?" Hans could not control himself. His voice was strange. He was speaking of those who but yesterday were his best friends. He almost wished that his wife and daughter

would stop him. For a moment he was quiet, and then he turned and went to his room.

Peter did not do otherwise. He said, "I ask in fun for a dowry with his daughter. He gets angry and pours his stein of beer upon me before everyone in the garden. For that shall I say, 'I am sorry, Hans.' No, he must speak to me first. You must forget Helen, Josef, and you, my wife shall not go to see Mrs. Vondel again."

Through a foolish pride there developed a bitter enmity between Peter and Hans. This they tried to extend to their families, each feeling that his own cause would be strengthened by the acquisition of more partisans on his side. But it is not easy to break down old and common ties. If their wives appeared to be angry with each other, they were more friendly when they met unknown to their husbands. Their children too were affected but not greatly. On those evenings when Hans came home early Mrs. Vondel would let Josef depart through the back door, and then come to meet her husband in the kitchen as though nothing had happened.

Neither profited by their dispute. Soon the harvest season approached and it was necessary for them to go elsewhere for the implements which they had borrowed from each other. Peter was possessed of a reaper but he had not enough horses. On the other hand Hans had many horses but no reaper. Rather than ask for the necessities each preferred to go miles toward the Zee and borrow the implements from other farmers. Thus the breach between the two became wider.

When the harvest season had passed and it was time to grind the wheat, Hans found it necessary to put his mill in order. In the past he and Peter had worked together at Peter's mill. First they had ground Peter's wheat and then his. During the last season Hans had destroyed his dam in

order that the water might flow down more freely to turn the wheel of Peter's mill. Now he set to work to reconstruct it. Soon Peter found that the water was not coming with sufficient force to turn the mill-wheel.

Burning with anger he met Hans in the field and demanded that he tear the dam down. But Hans replied that it was not his concern and that he needed a dam for his own mill. Words flew fast between them. Had not Helen and Josef interferred a struggle might have ensued. Holding the arms of their belligerent parents they finally persuaded them to turn about and leave the matter of the mill.

Thus Peter and Hans found themselves as the year began to wane. The season of the "Tannenbaum" was approaching and yet there was no reconciliation between them. Everyone seemed to look upon the attempt to make them forget their differences as hopeless.

When the children had already begun to carol "O Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum" upon the banks of the Doonder "Wasser" a fortunate event occurred. As Peter was one day driving to the town on the Zee, and Hans was coming from the opposite direction, they met on either side of the narrow bridge that spans the crystal stream. Neither would allow the other to pass first, and so both urged their horses forward. Coming to the center of the bridge the wheels of the teams interlocked with a great clatter

of hoofs and a tearing of axles. Upset by the sudden collision Peter fell from his seat, and before he could prevent it he tumbled headlong into the stream. Hans was stunned. Then he rushed to one side and then to the other side of the bridge in time to see Peter emerge from underneath, seemingly unconscious and helpless in the current. Hans did not hesitate but plunged in, and after a brief struggle he dragged the inert body to the shore. Thence he brought Peter home. It did not take long for Peter to recover.

That evening Hans and Peter met before the fireplace in the Hooft home and were united. Sitting side by side they exchanged confidences as their wives and children looked on happily. Soon Josef and Helen strolled from the room, and they were followed by their mothers. Peter and Hans were left alone.

Peter filled his pipe and then leaning back he smiled broadly.

"You know, Hans, I could not endure our quarrel much longer. So when I found myself in the water I thought it would be a good thing to pretend I was hurt, and then let you rescue me. I hoped that that would bring us together."

Hans replied, "You never fooled me, you old codger, because when I came to the side where you fell in I saw you push yourself beneath the bridge. I too was sick of the quarrel and so I decided to rescue you."

They laughed long and heartily.

ABRAHAM ANKELES '31.

"Do Ghosts Exist?"

The big fire crackled and sparkled in the comfortable parlor of "Fairview Inn" situated along a rugged part of the Pembrokeshire coast. It was Christmas eve and a party of miners sat lazily around the spacious

hearth, beguiling the time with light conversation.

Outside the wind was howling dimly for the wind was wild and stormy, and weird were the melodies which it played upon the doors and

rattling windows. Naturally the conversation soon changed to the more gloomy topic of the supernatural, prompted, no doubt by the shrieking of the wind, encouraged by their surroundings.

"There is one Christmas which I will never forget," remarked one of the party known to the others as Joe. "Just twenty years ago tonight I sat in this same old Inn, and although the place is much the same, the faces around me have changed. I can see one of these old faces, however, that of Edward Redmond, more clearly tonight than on any other night of the year, because today is the anniversary of his death.

"Twenty years ago tonight a number of us were seated around this same fireplace and after a while the conversation turned to the 'Ghost of Bleakwood Grange,' about five miles from here on the Donard Road. Bleakwood Grange was said to be hunted ever since the murder of Sir Bleakwood on Christmas morning.

He did not appear at breakfast. The maid knocked and knocked again on his door and upon receiving no answer, entered. A terrible sight confronted her. Sir Bleakwood lay fully clothed upon the bed, a large gaping wound in his throat, his eyes wide open and fixed, as though on some object.

"Many eminent authorities were consulted but none of them was able to throw any light on the matter. The Bleakwood Ghost was the topic of the day, and on this night twenty years ago we were discussing it when Edward Redmond said, 'Well, I don't believe there are any such things as ghosts.'

"That started a debate which final-

ly ended with a challenge given to any man in the room to enter Bleakwood Grange that night. It was arranged that Edward Redmond should enter while we all waited outside for his return. He was to enter the house at five minutes to twelve, carrying a hammer and nail. The nail was to be driven into the door of the bedroom in which Sir Bleakwood was murdered, and he was to remain in the house until five minutes past twelve.

"We arrived at the Grange at fifteen minutes to twelve, and ten minutes later Ed entered the house, leaving us outside the gates. We kept our eyes fixed on our watches until five minutes past twelve, but Edward did not return. He did not return at fifteen minutes past twelve, nor at half past twelve; in fact, he never returned.

"We waited until daybreak and then entered the house. On entering the bedroom we found Edward with the hammer in his right hand, lying face downward on the floor. He answered not to our calls for he was dead, with the tail of his coat nailed firmly to the door."

"Do you think that he saw the ghost?" asked Jerry.

"That will never be known," replied Joe, "but it was supposed that in the darkness Edward had nailed his coat to the door and when he turned to retreat he felt himself held back. He was seized with the imaginary thought that he was being held by the ghost, and his nerves, by this time being so highly strung, he died of fright."

"I think that I will retire for the night," finished Joe. "Why, it is just twelve o'clock. Merry Christmas boys!"

"The same to you, Joe."

MARY M. CRUISE '32.

Tumblers — And How!

With many a heated ejaculation, Joe Stein, stage manager of the Palace Theatre, paced up and down the darkened stage. Crumpled in his right hand was a note which had just been brought by a messenger and which was undoubtedly the cause of his agitation, for it informed him that Dorothy Bowes, the singing half of Bowes and Hamlin, singers and dancers, was ill and unable to perform. Only twenty minutes remained until curtain time; no first act could be secured on such short notice. No wonder Joe was frantic.

The manager was thus helplessly raging in the center of the stage, when out of the wings came two young men followed by an exceedingly ruffled door man.

One was short, dark and heavily built; the other was tall and rather slight. Both men dressed in "college cut clothes" suggestive of the illustration on page one hundred seventy-one of the Sears Roebuck catalogue.

Carrying huge suit cases, they slowly advanced. Stopping in front of Joe, the taller one spoke. "Are you the stage manager?"

"I am," replied Joe.

"We want—" continued the taller one.

"We are—" broke in the other, and paused.

"Don't tell me you're Lon Chaney," hopefully suggested Joe.

"We are Hicks and Hawkins, acrobats and tumblers," they chorused.

"How good are you?" inquired Joe.

"The sensation of Aroostook County," the short one announced proudly.

"Yeah?" Joe considered their possibilities briefly. They were just in from the sticks. Probably they'd be sixth-rate, but still a poor act was better than no act at all.

"Got your costumes with you?" asked Joe.

"Right here," they responded eagerly, pointing to the trunk sized suitcases at their feet.

"Hustle into them," Joe decided. "You'll go on in ten minutes. There's no time to make up."

The two youths dashed away to dress. They were overjoyed. Their first day in the big town and hired already! They decided Joe Stein knew a good act when he saw it. They were so excited they had forgotten to mention the matter of salary.

Ten minutes later they stood in the wings. The closing strains of the overture could be heard from the orchestra pit.

Slowly the curtain rose. Hicks and Hawkins started from the wings with the little dancing step which had made them famous back in Aroostook. Hicks, in the lead, caught sight of the crowd, and stopped in the middle of the dance. The unsuspecting Hawkins tripped over him and fell heavily. The audience roared with laughter. The acrobat rose and stood gazing around helplessly. More laughter. With confidence somewhat shaken, Hicks, the top-mounter, began to climb onto the shoulders of Hawkins, the under-stander. Hawkins began to sway; Hicks struggled frantically, but could not maintain his balance. Down they crashed; again the audience roared. So it went. Everything they tried went wrong, resulting in nose-dive after nose-dive. Finally they staggered from the stage.

"Back to Aroostook for us," gasped Hicks.

"We're done," groaned Hawkins.

Suddenly an unexpected sound met

their ears; the house was rocking with applause.

"Go out and take a bow," then roared Joe Stein.

Bewildered, they went out and faced the crowd once more. After seven curtain calls, they ran off,

Hicks tripping again and diving into the wings.

Joe Stein, rushing up, patted them on their backs. "Greatest comedy team since Weber and Fields!" he cried. "Tumblers—and how!"

WILLIAM H. ASHTON '31.

Heroes

It had been a beastly day—fog, sleet, drizzle and a clammy sort of coldness. I had happened in at the club just by chance, and had found there, by a piece of luck, my two very good friends, Stanley Conniston and Robert Morley. Well, we fell to smoking and talking. I think we'd conversed on every subject under the sun, when at last, Morley brought up "heroes." Quite naturally, it had started with Lindbergh, who was in town, and then had drifted back to Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon, Lincoln, Bismarck and others. We even placed on the list (that is, Morley and I did, for we were doing all the talking) such schoolboy ideals as Barry Wood and Albie Booth. We were talking on and on, when Conniston, who is a very quiet and rather reserved chap, broke in.

"Do you know," he stated reflectively, as he puffed heavily at his pipe, "I've never had in all my life a hero such as one of those men? In fact, I don't count those men heroes at all. They, in the case of Napoleon and the others, were just first rate geniuses, statesmen and generals. As for Tunney, Wood and Booth, they are only good, clean sports. I admit that Caesar, Napoleon and Lincoln all did much for the cause of humanity, and probably suffered a great deal of injustice in the long run. However, I prefer heroes that are made of different stuff." He stopped to relight his pipe, then went on:

"Maybe I'm queer, but after all, I think I'm right. My idea of a hero is the fellow who has the grit to make sacrifices without whining. Of course he'll have to struggle with himself, he'll have to fight, he'll have to flinch and be afraid, that's only human, but he'll win!" He left off abruptly. "Listen! I'll give you an example!" And then he told this tale.

"Richard Gannet (I'll call him Richard Gannet) and I grew up together. He was the son of wealthy parents and had every whim and desire of his boyish heart fulfilled. We both went to grammar school together, then to Exeter, and finally to Harvard. Gannet was entered in the medical department there, and I, in the law. Gannet was possessed of an in-born passion for medicine. His grandfather had been a physician and Gannet inherited a genuine love for the profession. The professors, students, all, were enthused over Gannet's working capacity, talent and skill. He seemed destined for a wonderful career.

"He had only two more years of the course to complete, when his family was overwhelmed by a terrible reverse of fortune. The shock and horror of it all, proved a little too much for Gannet's father, and six months after the catastrophe, he was placed in his grave. Gannet was in despair. He knew what his duty was, but, as I have said before, my heroes are human. It was a struggle, and I am

sorry to say, I made that struggle all the harder, by an offer of financial aid. I could readily and easily help him, along those lines, for I was wealthy, an orphan, and a hot-headed young fellow used to having my own way. I think, though, that offer of mine settled it all and brought out the strength, beauty and pride of Gannet's character. So he took the right path and the only one open to him, gave up his college, and plunged into the hectic strife and bustle of a business man's life.

"The years passed by, and Gannet made good. He hated the worry, pettishness and constant struggle of business, but still he pushed ahead. Finally, his mother died and his youngest brother was firmly established in his chosen path of life. Through all the years, one vision had been before Gannet, the vision of the day when he should sail for Germany to take a special course in medicine at the University of Leipzig. Now the time had come. His plans were all made. He would sail in June. But, however, long before June had come around, Fate had played her hand, and once again, duty called to Richard Gannet. Alice, his favorite sister, was left a widow, destitute, with five children to support, the oldest of whom was ten.

Perhaps Gannet would have faltered then—he could easily have shifted the burden to other and younger shoulders—but that innate manhood and courage in his soul, came to the fore. Of course it was a struggle, of course he winced under the load, but he carried on.

"About four years ago, I was staying with him, down on the Cape. One day, he smiled happily at me, and clapped me on the back.

"'Well, Stan,' he said, 'It took a long time, but my chance has come at last. I can break away now. To be sure, I'm fifty-odd, but still I long for my M. D. degree. Phil (Phil is Alice's oldest boy) Phil and I are sailing for Leipzig three weeks from today! You see, I'll have a colleague to aid me with my studies!'"

Conniston paused. "So there! There you are! Gannet's my idea of a hero!"

For a moment we were silent. Then Morely, who is rather quick-witted, spoke up. "By George, he is a hero! And by the way, doesn't Jack here, as well as myself, happen to know the gentleman?"

"Why, Bob!" I broke out amazed. "Who in the world—?"

Just then the portieres were parted, and my intellect was sharpened, as a tall, pleasant faced man, with iron gray hair, entered the room.

"Don't let me interrupt!" he pleaded. "Go right on with the story!"

But the story was strangely ended. To a man we rose, a fitting tribute to a hero.

"Sit down here, MacCharles!" Conniston spoke with a husky note in his voice, and then he added playfully, "that operation you just performed must have been a tough one, you look so happy!"

MacCharles' face glowed. "It was, sir!" he said eagerly. We all laughed, respectfully, however.

And then we talked of other things.

RUTH ELLIS '32.

The History of a Highway

The Newburyport Turnpike, part of the national highway, Route 1, which extends from Portland, Maine to Key West, Florida, has, I think a very interesting history. It includes about thirty-two miles of road from Boston to Newburyport, and very strangely, does not reach the heart of any of the large cities, except Everett and Malden, but rather goes through their outskirts. It has but three curves in all those thirty-two miles and is a through way almost the entire distance.

As an introduction to its history, it is fitting that I explain the original meaning of its name. The title turnpike might to some imply a road with many turns, but the word, although used in the names of many roads, has nothing to do with curves and nothing to do with streets. In the colonial and early days of the young republic of America, sometimes both the government and persons privately involved, probably because of pecuniary trials, were forced to demand tolls of the passers-by, coaches, and other equipages using this road. At certain places along the way were stations where the toll was exacted. At each of these spots, or toll gates, was usually found a post driven into the ground at the side of the road on which a huge bar, usually a whole tree, was swung across the road with a counter balance at the base end beyond the post. This acted as a gate so that no team could pass before paying the toll, and, when it was paid, the keeper would swing the huge affair out of the way just as an ordinary gate is opened. This bar was called a turnpike (because it turned on a pike) or sometimes a turnpike bar and often roads using them were called turnpike roads. The Newbury-

port Turnpike used to be such a road.

Of course you remember that interesting story of the Boston Port Bill, passed by the British Parliament, closing the port of Boston to all trade until the maltreated tea should be paid for. You remember, too, reading of the trying times the people of Boston had. To counteract the effects of this bill, the Bostonians decided to use the port of another town and to transport the goods overland to the starving people of Boston. Accordingly they looked about for a sea coast town that could serve as a port. Newburyport, having a desirable location, at the mouth of the Merrimac, was chosen and it was then that the Newburyport Turnpike at the time only an Indian trail over the hills, was used to haul the provisions over the long portage from Newburyport to Boston.

It was a good day's journey in those days and there were many taverns along the way, among which was the Needham Homestead which some of my ancestors built, at which the provision trains stopped to change horses and to have dinner.

However, after the railroads came into use, long stretches of it became almost abandoned, resulting in just a cart path through the woods with grass and bushes growing between the ruts. It remained in this state of dilapidation until shortly after the invention of automobiles which brought even a greater change than the railroads had, and in quite a different direction. In several years it grew to be an important thoroughfare until now it is one of the greatest national highways of the United States. It accommodates a traffic of which its originators certainly never dreamed.

RUTH BROOKS '34.

Reply to a Sub-Freshman

Since the appearance of your "Impressions of a Sub-Freshman" in our last issue I have had a desire to give you a Senior's viewpoint on your questions. You wish to know, what good comes of being a Sub-Freshman? Furthermore you ask, "Is there any justice?" To the first question I shall make a reply. To the second, I shall ask you for an answer.

My dear Sub-Freshman, you seem to be laboring under the delusions that our chief aim is to impress Sub-Freshmen with Senior estate. Every one of us assure you to the contrary! The misery of a lower classman, dear Sub-Freshman, is no feather in our caps. Far from it!

Perhaps you think that because it was five years or so ago when we experienced that summer of joyful waiting and our "first impressions" that we have forgotten them. Or do you suppose we always wore the scornful expression you seem to note as a Senior label? That bearing which you interpret as scornful is only an attempt to conceal our true feelings when we begin to realize we are leaving these days behind forever. Am I to say, "Poor, burdened Sub-Freshie?"

I am certainly not. I say, "Lucky you! to be just entering on such a glorious adventure."

Your feelings may be squelched, your feet squashed, our traffic system may confuse you, but be thankful

amongst your trials, for five years hence, when you gain that coveted rank called "Senior," you will look back with envy upon the newcomers as we look upon you. Yes, I said, "Envy!" and deep in your heart you will feel, "Oh! to be a Sub-Freshman again."

Justice is what you seek? I think any Senior would make one reply on this point. We agree with you on the question of general assembly. It is unfortunate there are so many of you. But . . . when the howling mob gathers at recess for checks and at the counters, who seems to get better service? Who gets first choice in sandwiches? The "mighty" Senior laboriously attempting passage through that mêlée or the "poor" Sub who easily squirms by. Really it seems as if you "belittled children" are able to get into a space amazingly small. We find you between our feet, under our elbows, over our shoulders. By such gyrations you demand, "Seven cheese and six ham sandwiches, half a dozen doughnuts," withdraw in the same manner, distribute the food among your "particular crowd" and then look "meek and lowly." Then a hungry Senior, with bruised elbows and crushed toes, finally reaches the "promised goal" only to hear, "Nothing left except bread and butter."

I repeat after you, "Is there any justice?"

JENNY STAPLES '31.



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A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL!

To every reader the Observer staff extends this most sincere wish on this the happiest, most joyful holiday the world yet has known. The hope, that your every desire for material happiness will be fulfilled according to the traditional gift-bearing custom, is none the less accompanied by an earnest entreaty that you see beyond this maze of frivility, mirth, and gaiety to the beautiful origin of our Christmas rejoicing—the birth of Our Savior. Gazing through the mist of centuries we behold awed shepherds traveling by the light of a guiding star, myrrh-bringing kings, celestial angels, all directing their footsteps through the cold night to an obscure manger in a stable, where lay the King of Men. No less now a day of praise and thanksgiving than on that memorable night so many years removed, but far more developed and deepened in beauty and significance.

Let the spirit of Christmas and the story of the First Noel form a foundation for your cheer, and the good will you bear toward your comrades be fostered by the love of a shepherd for his King.

N. L. B. '31.

GOOD MANNERS

One of the first stepping stones to a happy life is what we call good manners, and they are within reach of all.

The best life that we can live is the life of love, a warm out-pouring of the heart toward others and a natural drawing of the hearts of others toward ourselves.

How can we start most easily and practically on the path to this goal? Some people would give very lofty advice at once, difficult to follow; but the easiest to understand is the best, and it is this: Try to acquire good manners and to understand why they are good.

Some will think it is far too simple, but we will try to demonstrate that the contrary is true. What about cleverness, genius, ambition? they will ask. What about strength of will, determination, perseverance, and courage? All are very praiseworthy, if well used, and we are not condemning them; but there is a better start.

A very wise and noble man wrote a book which he called "The Map of Life." In it he said that on the way to real success "good manners and tact, allied with sound judgment," would help us more than "intellectual qualities

or imperious strength of will." That is not what many people, who would like to be right, really think. They imagine that the final thing of all is to command the world; to win a way by strength and power; and they wish that they may be clever, educated, forceful, rich, and hold a high position.

Now, very few people can attain these ends; and they are not the happiest people when they have done it. The better course is to win a way by attractiveness which comes naturally out of the heart. That way is open to all of us, and this first step is good manners.

If we are to prove our claim for the great importance of good manners we must begin by understanding just what they are.

They are not a system of behaving that may be learned from a book of etiquette, though outward manners are important, and usually extraordinarily wise. Conventional matters—that is, the right thing to do according to social notions and practices—are not mere fashions, adopted like the changing forms of dress that last only for a brief season; they are the wisdom left from the experience of generations. Their object is to tone down whatever might be objectionable to other people, and to make our living with one another smooth and agreeable.

Good manners do not come out of books on etiquette that tell us how to behave, though there is a great deal of such knowledge it is well we should have absorbed completely. They are born out of our own hearts. They spring from quick sympathy for others. They are our actions when we are warned against doing what would be objectionable to other people; and when we follow an impulse to do, in a natural way, what would be felt by other people to be kind and graceful, we are probably exhibiting well and gracefully our good manners.

Good manners are the habit of being honestly thoughtful in making others happy and at ease in our presence, and not thrusting ourselves carelessly or roughly or selfishly upon them. Consideration is their keynote.

Some of the best manners in the world are shown by people who have never in their lives had a lesson in formal manners, quite simple country people, with but little education, yet self-possessed, and extraordinarily quick in feeling what is exactly the right thing to say and do under circumstances that are new to them. Their hearts speak, and speak with truth, kindness, and dignity.

Now, apply this view of good manners—the product of the thoughtful heart—to the career of a boy or a girl, and you will see how extraordinarily helpful it is. For good manners win a welcome everywhere. Sir Francis Bacon said of them that they "are letters of perpetual recommendation," and Emerson said, "Give a boy address and you give him the mastery of palaces,"—meaning that right manners will carry him anywhere.

There is but one way to the acquirement of really good manners, and that is by having the kind and considerate heart which suggests instinctively the kind and considerate act. Sham manners are worse than honest bluntness; "fine" manners often only conceal insincerity. But really good manners are the best of all the helps in life, and they never wear out, but become a very essential part of our beings. May the words of our noble poet, Emerson, be ingrained in our lives: "Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy."

W. H. A.

RETURNS

Myrtle Reed in one of her books says that "Life will give us back whatever we put into it. In a way it is just like a bank. Put joy into the world and it will come back to you with compound interest; but you can't check out either money or happiness when you have made no deposits."

Isn't this about the truest quotation you've ever read? Let us try a few examples. We'll take the farmer who, year after year, sows his crop in the same field, finally exhausting its productive elements. Then the farmer gives back to the earth, and in proportion to what he gives the soil, he reaps. As we give to our community, so much shall we reap. If we give our neighborhood a clean house, set in a neat yard, we will derive that much more pleasure from our vicinity and so help the property of our town. In our home life we contribute to family relationships in order that we may, to a fuller extent, enjoy the contentment and happiness of our home. That work which we supply to make our home attractive, returns to us a share in the popularity of being a sought-after host or hostess.

And now the example for which you are waiting! Upon the effort we put into our daily lessons depends the benefits we receive. The assignments that we do give us a corresponding mark; and likewise those we don't do! Extra work that we complete outside is not lost, but is added to what we have already done. As our work increases, so does our mark. Nor are our marks all that must be considered. They are but a small item in life, covering only a short period, while knowledge is great, influencing our entire life. Langford it was, who said, "The only jewel that will not decay is knowledge."

All these perhaps have been material examples but the quotation holds good for abstract investments as well. Every bit of sunshine, every ounce of cheerfulness, and every act of helpfulness that we give to the world comes back to us in some way, at some time.

How much are we getting?

N. L. B.





CHRONICLE

OUR NEW COVER How do you like our new cover? We wanted for this year's Observer a cover that was distinctive, different—would joyously proclaim to everyone at the start that our school paper this year was destined to be bigger and better than ever. The cover of last year's magazine was made by Mildred Sogoloff. Its simplicity and neat design made it both attractive and effective—but we wanted another change—as "Variety is the spice of life." We hope that this attractive cover, made by Charles Woelfel of the Senior Class, will meet with the approval of everyone.

TRIBUTE TO VERGIL On the morning of Friday, October 31, in the High School auditorium, the student body held an assembly in commemoration of the two thousandth anniversary of the birth of Vergil, the famous Latin poet. A program appropriate for the occasion was carried out as follows: A march by the High School orchestra, followed by a salute to the flag by the entire student body, opened the proceedings. Mr. J. Henry Higgins, head of the Latin department, continued the program with introductory remarks. He was followed by Miss Nathalie Sim, who spoke on Vergil's life and works. Abraham Ankeles was the next speaker, giving an interesting talk on Vergil's universally recognized masterpiece, "The Aeneid." George Sweeney delivered the last address, Tennyson's "Tribute to Vergil." The program closed with a march by the High School orchestra.

THE DEBATING CLUB The regular meeting of the debating society was held Friday evening, November 14, in the High School auditorium. A very interesting debate was held on the question—Resolved: "That the United States recognize Soviet Russia Politically and Economically." The club's president, David Wiggin, took part in the debate, and Abraham Ankeles, acted as chairman for the evening. Others who participated in the debate were: O'Keefe, and Panagoupoulos on the negative, and Ryan, Kirstein and Krachman on the affirmative. The decision was awarded to the negative.

Later in the evening, a name for the club was selected on the approval of all present. Everyone will be interested to learn that the club is to be known as the "Rufus Choate Debating Society," after Rufus Choate, a noted lawyer, one of the greatest senators ever sent by the State of Massachusetts to the United States Senate. Mr. Choate started his practice of law in Peabody; he was especially known throughout this locality and it seems quite fitting that his name should be honored in this way.

Another meeting of the Rufus Choate Debating Society was held Friday, December 5, at the High School. A debate was held on the question—Resolved: "That chain stores are a detriment to the community." McKinnon and Ryan upheld the affirmative side, and Stahl and Sweeney the negative. After a spirited discussion in which many excellent arguments were presented both for and against the operation of chain store systems, the judges awarded the decision to the negative.

TRAFFIC SQUAD This body of students, known as the traffic squad, deserves much credit for its efforts to relieve the congestion in the corridors of the High School. Each year Principal Woodman selects a number of students to help in regulating the filing between classes.

Those acting as officers are: North Wing—Anna Klemm, Genevieve Blaney, William McKinnon, Alice Ryan, Eleanor Ryan, Eileen Conway, Earl Rich, Julie Hanlon, Harland Durkee, Peter Micaulchuk, Anastasia Kosman, Charles Bagley, Thomas Rikkola, Marjorie Gumb, Virginia Peabody, Herbert Kimball, Elizabeth Osborne, Curtis Ryan, Louis Doveas, John Desmond, Virginia Peters, David Wiggin, Howard Scott, Andrew Sheehan.

Central Section—Ruby Warner, Arthur Higgins, Clarence Patterson, Charles Locke, Ieland Cawthorne, Arthur Watkins, Mildred Sogoloff, Virginia Trask, Rupert Sparks, Kendall Raymond, Irving James, Frederick Osborne.

South Wing—John Cassidy, Helen Burnes, Frederick Roberts, Ralph King, Charles Ashton, Frank Penniman, Kathryn Lichman, and Raymond Patenaude, the captain of our traffic squad, who substitutes for absentees.

HALLOWE'EN DANCE The Senior Class held their annual Hallowe'en dance, November 7, 1930, in the Peabody High School gymnasium.

Music was furnished by "Al" Miles and his orchestra. During the evening refreshments were served. The patrons were: Principal Willard W. Woodman, Vice-Principal Henry A. King, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Higgins, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McCarthy, Miss Helen Hood, Miss Gertrude Hayes, Miss Eleanor Donovan and Miss Ethelwyn Meagher. The hall was attractively decorated. Several spotlight dances also added to the enjoyment of the event.

The following committees helped to make the dance a social success: Publicity Committee: Alyce Ryan, Chairman; David Wiggin, Mary Horgan and Anna Klemm. House Committee: Theodore Kallelis, Chairman; Edward Barron, Samuel Benetor, and Lloyd Drinkwater. Social Committee: Jenny Staples, Chairman; Alberta Wentzell, Ida Cohen and Nan Bliss. Entertainment Committee: Thomas O'Keefe, Chairman; Hazel Eade, Ruby Warner, Henry Hayes, Ethel Ainscough and John Lynch. Ticket Committee: Earl Rich, Chairman; Harland Durkee, Anna Jamuk, Morris Krachman and Ruth Knights.

FRENCH CLUB Much to the joy of many pupils, both boys and girls, a French Club has been organized under the direction of Miss Elene Masterson, head of the French Department. The proposal of the idea to the students was enthusiastically greeted, and thus they held their first meeting on October 28, at which time they elected as president, John Murphy; vice-president, Katherine Hackett; secretary, Nan Bliss; treasurer, Thomas A. O'Keefe; and Thelma King, director of the executive committee. The members hold their bi-monthly meetings usually on Wednesday afternoons at 1.20. We feel confident that many interesting and profitable projects will be developed at these meetings. An account of these, of course, with the names of members of the French Club who participate, will be recorded in future issues of the Observer.

HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

The Peabody High School orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Claude Phillips, has been progressing rapidly under his skillful guidance. Quite a few of the valuable players were lost by the graduation last June, but there are many talented musicians in the incoming class, who with practice will help to uphold the excellent musical standards of the orchestra of recent years.

The personnel of the orchestra follows: Violins—Alex Pelostock, John Davazynski, Michael Denesuk, Max Gardner, Irving Halpern, Mary Henry, Anna Hoffman, Mary Horgan, Howard Hourihan, William Howard, Teddy Isaacson, Alice Koocheruk, Joseph Kramer, Sarah Larner, Jessie Lygomenos, Howard Marron, Peter Michalchuk, Albin Mileski, Ruth Newton, Nellie Novek, Martin O'Donnell, Charles O'Meara, Carl Pierce, Mary Rodzynski, Beverly Salloway, Mary Salo, Dorothy Shaw, Joseph Sobutka, Mildred Sogoloff, Louis Stahl, Albert Sternberg, Frank Suchecki, Harry Tevrowsky, Virginia Trask, Annie Typhkivich, Jeanette Waldman, Ethel Williams, Teddy Wynnyk, Mary Zielinska, Bessie Zoetas.

Cellos—Louise Osborne, Arnold Peura, Ethel Weinstein. Clarinets—John Keane, Carl Rafey. Drums—Edward Penniman. Flute—George Hammond. Horns—John Elchook, John Kramer. Bass—Harold Dowdell. Piano—Gertrude Dowdell, Frances Foss, Viola Kulik, Aileen Walsh. Saxophone—Elmer Lippa. Trombone—Abraham Clopper. Trumpets—Arthur Higgins, Raymond Hussey, Ralph King, Samuel Stahl.

HIGH SCHOOL BAND

The Peabody High School Band, also under the able director of Mr. Phillips, has entered its third year. This musical organization has proved to be a most valuable asset, not only to the High School, but to the citizens of Peabody as well. At our general assemblies, the band plays a most important and enjoyable part in all of the programs.

What is more animating to enthusiastic students than the sight of a group of uniformed boys swinging into an energetic march, or more gratifying than to hear the strains of the school song played? Do we not all have a certain feeling of pride at a football game when the band marches onto the field of play? Even hostilities are at times forgotten, as the band crosses to the opponents' side to form their letter. Hearty cheers follow and most complimentary comments are conferred upon the boys and those who have instructed and encouraged them.

The following is the personnel of the band: Clarinets—Robert Dickinson, Charles Huntress, John Keane, Raymond McDonald, James Marrs, Carl Rafey, Patsy Raffenells, Harris Smith. Cornets—Nicholas Denesuk, Arthur Higgins, Frank Higgins, Raymond Hussey, Ralph King, John Kramer, Fred Osborne, Henry Pushard, Henry Smidt, Samuel Stahl. Cymbals—Daniel Boxwell. Drums—Edward Penniman. Brass drum—Arnold Peura. Horns—John Elchook, Theodore Minott, Charles Woelfel. Baritone—Arthur Gold. Bass—Michael Denesuk, Harold Dowdell. Piccolo—George Hammond. Saxophone—Charles Burns, Arthur Flatchbart, David Hart, Elmer Lippa, Frank Penniman, Albert Sternberg. Trombones—Abraham Clopper, John McCarthy, Frank Reily, Frank Sweeney, Roy Wiggin.

**JUNIOR
ELECTION**

On Wednesday, December 3, the following were elected as officers of the Junior Class: President, Thomas Hartnett; vice-president, Mary Cruise; secretary, Eleanor Ryan; treasurer, Charles Aston; executive committee, Virginia Trask, Louis Stahl and Joseph Dunleavy.

Honor Roll for September and October, 1930**Highest Honors—Seniors**

Those receiving A or B in all subjects.

Gerald Lee, P. G.	David Wiggin
Henry Makela, P. G.	Evelyn Marshall
Abraham Ankeles	Elizabeth Osborne
Curtis Ryan	Esther Shea
Nathalie Bliss	Ruby Warner
Mary Horgan	Morris Krachman
Thelma O'Donnell	Ethel Ainscough
Beatrice Savage	Aphrodite Geanoulis
Nathalie Sim	Marjorie Gumb
Evelyn Smith	Evelyn Maron

Honorable Mention—Seniors

Those receiving A or B in all subjects with one exception.

Abraham Clopper	Shirley Bagley
George Hammond	Blanche Martin
John Murphy	Mary Rodzynsky
Arthur Savage	Irene Smith
Ida Cohen	Jenny Staples
Dorothy Eade	Lola Weisman
Hazel Eade	Earl Rich
Thelma King	Charles Woelfel

Alberta Wentzell

Highest Honors—Juniors

Those receiving A or B in all subjects.

Mary Cruise	Elva Beckett
Katherine Hackett	Marie Blaney
Barbara Hingston	Virginia Trask
Lea Rosen	Velma Williams

Louis Stahl

Honorable Mention—Juniors

Those receiving A or B in all subjects with one exception.

Thomas Hartnett	Madeline Spence
Daniel Poor	Mary Murphy
Donald Russell	Margaret Ryan
Robert Smith	Roger Felt
Arthur Watkins	William McKinnon
Elizabeth Dullea	Carolann Cooney
Marie Hanley	Ruth Ellis
Emily Kelley	Catherine Roach
Viola Kulik	Mildred Sogoloff
Gertrude McVann	Lillian Waldman

Dorothy Lally

Highest Honors—Sophomores

Those receiving A or B in all subjects.

Elizabeth Halpern	Henry Hallinan
Grace Hayes	Nicholas Hubisz
Bessie Perakis	John Kramer
Doris Russell	Regina O'Rourke
Mary Salo	Eleanor Courtis
Mary Kyslowska	

Honorable Mention—Sophomores

Those receiving A or B in all subjects with one exception.

Arthur Flachbart	Philip Hanson
Irving Staid	Edmund Smith
Albert Sternberg	Irma Goodwin
Melvin Zalkan	Marguerite Mannix
Georgia Coombs	Rebecca Ossoff
Robert Davies	Clement Horrigan
Rose Bacherman	Ruben Valdofsky
Lena Budesky	Muriel Legro
Dahlia Martin	Charles Vajiamas

Highest Honors—Freshmen

Those receiving A or B in all subjects.

Rose Maron	Stephen Andreadis
Mary Aplin	Sidney Katz
Edith Hillman	Clyde Woodworth
Eleanor Swanton	Charlotte Edelstein
Charles Tranos	Mary Henry
Virginia Negus	Helen Poor
James McDonald	Dorothy Silveria
Priscilla Anderson	Elizabeth Stone
Glenn Clark	Mary Fleming
Alphonse Lewalski	Eddine Newhall
Dorothy Aylward	Annie Rabchenuk

Honorable Mention—Freshmen

Those receiving A or B in all subjects with one exception.

Walter Plomondon	Frederick Severance
Helen Cornichuck	Tily Panasuk
Roy Wiggin	Ruth Brooks
Daniel Boxwell	Lena Rechetnuk
Michael Denesuk	Olive Vernon
Harry Graff	Kendall Raymond
David Williams	Eleanor Green
Mary Boyko	Margaret Manning
Katherine Martin	Nellie Novek
Sylvia Cooke	David Hart
Nathalie Rich	Helen Hanley
Charles Argeros	Ruth Savage
Robert Handley	Mary Sheehy
Carl Pierce	Martha Ziskowski

Margaret Soboczinski

Highest Honors—Sub-Freshmen

Those receiving A or B in all subjects.

Edward Connolly
 John Davazynski
 John Healey
 James McNiff
 Frank Suchecki
 Alice Cullen
 Marion Goodale
 Katie Nickonchuk
 Porta Panagoulos

Carol Bent
 Helen Moore
 Mary Murphy
 Helen Nangle
 Ruth Newton
 Helvi Nurmela
 Priscilla Crane
 William Argeros
 Sarah Gold

Anna McCarthy

Honorable Mention—Sub-Freshmen

Those receiving A or B in all subjects with one exception.

Mark Kelley
 Dorothy Maihos
 Ethel Williams
 Stella Zielska
 Joseph Dzielnick
 Mary Flynn
 Virginia Clark
 Annie Leyczak
 Zelda Rabinovitz
 Annie Taraschuck
 Arthur Wirtanen
 Stella Dzierzak

Rebecca Singerman
 Edward Dooling
 Wilson Lobao
 Sarantas Perakis
 Mary Smidt
 Daniel Splaine
 Janet Armstrong
 Dorothy Poor
 Katy Sheehy
 Elmer Lippa
 Charles Cares
 Eva Dudes

Annie Raticyz





EXCHANGES



AS OTHERS SEE US:

Yours is a neat and very well balanced publication. Your editorials would do credit to many a statesman. A little more humor would be appreciated.

—The Record, English High School, Boston, Mass.

Your Literary Department is very good. We especially enjoyed His Awakening. Appropriate cuts for your department headings would improve your magazine.

—The Gazette, Classical High School, Lynn, Mass.

OUR COMMENTS:

THE AEGIS—Beverly High School, November 1930.

We enjoyed your short stories, especially the "Hoosier Schoolboy" which was very amusing. You should lengthen your Exchange Column.

THE GAZETTE—Lynn Classical High School, Commencement Number.

Your magazine is excellent in every way and shows a great abundance of school spirit. We enjoyed the Gazette and the Humor immensely. Your Exchange Column is very well developed.

THE RECORD — English High School, Boston, November 1930.

A very attractive magazine in every respect. We especially liked the football story "Interference" and "The Treasure Hunt." Your poetry is excellent.

THE HAMILTONIAN — Hamilton, Mass., November 1930.

We liked the idea of the Language Department which was well developed. Could you not lengthen your Literary Department and add a few poems?

Manchester High School ORACLE — Manchester, N. H., November 1930.

We enjoyed your Literary Department but why so many stories dealing with football? Evidently you have a winning team. Your poems are excellent.

EXCHANGE CLIPPINGS

The captain and a lieutenant were walking down the street. They met many privates, and each time the lieutenant would salute he would mutter, "The same to you."

The captain's curiosity soon got the better of him, and he asked:

"Why do you always say that?"

The lieutenant answered:

"I was once a private and I know what they are thinking."

Aw, why are Summer days longer than Winter days?

Stude: The heat expands them.

Which is why physics teachers get gray-haired.

Teacher: "Name a deadly poison."

Pupil: "Aviation."

Teacher: "Explain yourself, please."

Pupil: "One drop will kill."

A Business Man's Letter

Sir:—My typist being a lady cannot take down what I think of you, and I being a gentleman cannot write it, but you, being neither, can guess it."

Newsboy: "Extra—Extra—Read all about the great expl——"

Customer: "Let's have one. What about the great explosion? Where was it?"

Newsboy: "Extra — Extra — Wind blew up the Charles River. Now I'll tell about the big Swindle."

Last year I asked her to be my wife, and she gave me a decidedly negative answer; so to get even, I married her mother. Then my father married the girl.

When I married the girl's mother, the girl became my daughter, and since my father married my daughter, he became my son. When my father married my daughter she became my

mother. If my father is my son, and my daughter is my mother, who am I?

My mother's mother is my wife, and must be my grandmother, and, being my grandmother's husband, I must be my own grandfather. Wotta mess!

An art student was staying after school for his teacher. She had told him that he might go after he had drawn some sort of picture, and so he sent to work industriously. At times she looked at him; but he seemed to be working hard, making large flourishes. At last that labor was over. He presented the paper to the teacher. It was perfectly blank.

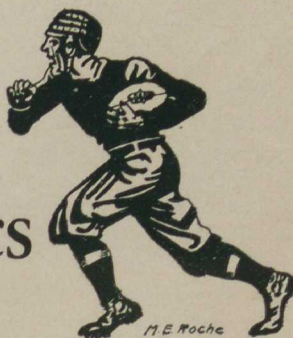
"Why, what is this?" asked the amazed teacher.

"That," said the student seriously, "is the picture of a white elephant eating mushrooms in a snowstorm."

You guess what happened.



Athletics



NOVEMBER 1

Salem 24—Peabody 0

Before a gathering of 6000 spectators, the Peabody High football warriors played a high brand of football, but they could not escape the fate which seemed destined to be theirs. The great struggle between the Peabody High and Salem High football teams ended with Salem the victor, 24 to 0.

It may well be said that the game was decided after two minutes of the first quarter had been played. When Capt. McGuinness of the Peabody team elected to receive the kick-off, the long awaited zero hour was at hand. McGuinness received the ball on his own 32-yard line where he was downed by a Salem tackler. In the fourth down after the kick-off McGuinness' punt was blocked and re-

covered by Salem. Axelrod, behind extraordinary interference soon took the pigskin across the last white stripe before the Peabody boys could get started. For the remainder of the period Peabody was kept on the defensive.

The second period saw Peabody on the defensive just as in the first quarter. Salem scored again late in the quarter following an unfortunate play on the part of Anderson, who, by the way, played a stellar game for Peabody.

In the third period, Capt. Rand of the Salem team, showing that he could not be "bottled up" for an entire game, made a beautiful run of 30 yards for a touchdown. This run came immediately after a long forward pass from Cullen to Rand.

Capt. McGuinness' fumble on his own 25-yard line cost his team a touchdown in the final period. This period saw both teams fighting hard in a see-saw contest, one team having the chance one minute, the other team having it another. The contest ended with Peabody in possession of the ball on their own 44-yard line.

The line-up:

PEABODY	SALEM
Cronin, re.....le,	Dempsey, Dawkins
Kimball, rt.....lt,	Jellison
G. Manoogian, R. Manoogian, rg	
	lg, Pappas, Kessler
Kallelis, c.....c,	Raymond, Dempsey
Kapantis, Leach, lg	
	rg, Bayogian, Michaud
Drinkwater, lt	
	rt, Kawczynski, Coburn, Hurley
Lukinchook, Kodis, le	
	re, Crane, Gagnon, April
Feeley, qb.....fb,	Cullen
Anderson, Minot, O'Shea, rhb	
	lhb, Axelrod
McGuinness (capt.) Kronopoulos, lhb	
	rhb, Pelletier, Rand, capt.
Cornichuck, fb	
	fb, Voyer, Heffernan, Dempsey
Touchdowns—Axelrod 2, Dempsey,	

Rand. Referee—James Linehan, Boston College. Umpire—James Cronin, Boston College. Head Linesman—Frank Regan, Bates. Field Judge—William Ohrenberger, Boston College. Time—Four 11-minute periods.

Post Mortems

This Dempsey boy acted like his namesake; he put up a great fight in no matter what position Bill Broderick put him.

"Jelly" Jellison looked like "Big Ben" Ticknor out there getting all the tackles.

The Peabody boys kept after Rand so much that the elusive Salem captain only had one chance then he "rand" thirty yards.

Monsieur Axelrod seemed more like "axlegrease" to most of the would-be Peabody tacklers.

Stuffy McGuinness' end runs and the Feeley-McGuinness passing combination were the highlights of the Peabody attack. This passing game brought back memories of the former Blue and White passing attack of the "good ole days."

NOVEMBER 8

Peabody 7—Weymouth 0

Saturday afternoon, November 8, proved to be a big day for the Peabody boys. Sulking under a bitter defeat received the Saturday previous, the boys in Blue and White took revenge on Freddie Kennedy's boys from Weymouth on the south shore. The locals showed more fight in this game than in any previous battle. The only score came in the second period when Capt. McGuinness threw a long forward into the waiting arms of Kodis, the Peabody left end, who took the pigskin out of the air and romped over the line for a touchdown. A McGuinness to Kodis pass secured another point for Peabody after the touchdown. For the first time this year the Peabody boys clearly showed their superiority over a visiting team.

The line-up:

PEABODY

Kodis, Flynn, le

re, P. Forkett, Jardine

Drinkwater, lt.....rt, Cronin

R. Manoogian, lg

rg, Lemay, Mahoney

Kallelis, c.....c, Bennett

G. Manoogian, Kimball, rg.....lg, Perry

Kokoreas, rt.....lt, N. Forkett

Cronin, re.....le, Kemp, Caton

O'Shea, qb.....qb, Thomas, Warner

McGuinness (capt.) lhb.....rhh, Neptune

Lukinchook, rhh.....lhb, Moynihan

Cornichuck, fb.....fb, Nifusino

Touchdown—Kodis. Point after

touchdown—Kodis (pass). Referee—

Linehan, Boston College. Umpire—

Higgins, Boston College. Linesman—

Hingston, Tufts. Time—12-minute

periods.

NOVEMBER 11

Essex Aggies 2—Peabody 0

On Armistice Day, Essex Aggies defeated Peabody by the score of 2 to 0. The Peabody boys were outplayed by the heavier boys from the Agricultural School. The lone score came in the final period and it was a duplicate of the play which happened in the Harvard-Dartmouth game recently. A Peabody punt was blocked near the Peabody goal line. The ball bounded back of the goal line, into the end zone and finally off the playing field. When the ball bounds off the playing field in back of the end zone, the rule states that a safety is registered in favor of the defensive team.

The line-up:

ESSEX AGGIES

PEABODY

Reed, le.....re, Cronin, Flynn

J. Bulgaris, lt.....rt, Drinkwater

A. Bulgaris, lg.....rg, G. Manoogian

Mahoney, c.....c, Kallelis

McCourt, rg

lg, R. Manoogian, Kapantis

Delucca, rt.....lt, Kokoreas, Kimball

Roland, re.....le, Kodis

Chlebowski, qb.....qb, O'Shea, Feeley
Silva, lhb

rhh, Capt. McGuinness, Kronopoulos

Colville, rhh.....lhb, Lukinchook

Johnston, fb.fb, Cornichuck, Anderson

Safety (out of end zone). Referee—

Linehan, Boston College. Umpire—

Murphy, Boston College. Linesman—

Jones, Peabody. Time—Four 10-min-

ute periods.

NOVEMBER 19

Lynn English 31—Peabody 0

After the game was postponed three times because of inclement weather, the Lynn English and Peabody teams finally met on Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 19. The Lynn boys, under their leader, "Tony" Geniawicz, showed that they were worthy of wearing the title of State Champions by decisively defeating the local team 31 to 0. As usual, Geniawicz and Jannell were the shining lights. The Lynn captain scored three times and Lynn's track star scored twice.

After the first half of the first period, in which time the Lynn boys rolled up a total of 25 points, the O'Connorites came back in grand style to stem the tide which seemed destined to bury them under an avalanche of touchdowns.

The line-up:

ENGLISH

PEABODY

Hussey, Hayden, Brendamore, le

re, Cronin, Flynn

Chipouras, Higgins, McDonald, lt

rt, Drinkwater, Lingren

Montejunas, Burnett, Mahoney, lg

rg, R. Manoogian, Ward

Pluch, Bellamah, c

c, Connelly, Kallelis

MacArthur, Gibbons, Bird, rg

lg, G. Manoogian, Kapantis

Smith, Kelley, rt

lt, Kokoreas, Kimball, Johnson

Miosky, Whelan, re

le, Kodis, G. Sweeney, O'Keefe

Moriarty, Hingston, ob

qb, O'Shea, Feeley

Jannell, Dean, Gillis, lhb
 rhb, McGuinness, F. Sweeney
 McGovern, Kirvan, Welch, rhb
 lhb, Minot, Anderson
 Geniawicz (capt.), Main, fb
 fb, Lukinhook, Cornichuck
 Touchdowns—Geniawicz 3, Jannell
 2. Point after touchdown—Hussey
 (by placement). Referee—Birmingham, Boston University. Umpire—Mitchell, Holy Cross. Linesman—Dooley, Tufts. Time—Four 8-minute periods.

NOVEMBER 22

Boston College High 8—Peabody 0

A highly rated B. C. High football team came to Peabody on this warm July afternoon and went away later with the knowledge that they had just received a hot battle from "Stuffy" McGuinness and his boys. A heavier team, man for man, was bound to show its superiority. On the last play of the first quarter Saffriti, the star "Eagle back," smashed his way over the Peabody goal line.

"Stuffy" McGuinness' kick from in back of his own goal line was blocked, costing the Peabody boys two points.

Peabody's stonewall defense was worthy of very favorable comment.

The line-up:

BOSTON COLLEGE PEABODY

Blackwood, McCann, le
 re, G. Sweeney, Cronin, Dratis
 Blanchard, lt, rt, Lingren
 McCarthy, Bleiler, lg

rg, George, Kapantis
 Wise, c, Connolly, Kalleis
 J. Murphy, rg

lg, G. Manoogian, Johnson
 Moran, rt, lt, Kokoreas, Kimball
 E. Murphy, Brennan, re

le, O'Keefe, Kodis, Flynn
 Shannon, Mahoney, qb, O'Shea
 McLaughlin, Bonein, lhb

rhb, Anderson
 Morris, Saffriti, rhb
 lhb, McGuinness (capt.), Feeley

Irabino, Good, fb
 fb, Kronopolous, Leach, Lukinhook
 Touchdowns—Saffariti. Safety—Anderson (tackled by Moran). Referee—Linehan, Boston College. Umpire—Duffey, Boston College. Linesman—Murphy, Boston University. Time—Four 10-minute periods.

NOVEMBER 27

Newburyport 13—Peabody 0

In the final game of a disastrous season, the Peabody High football warriors lost a hard-fought battle to Newburyport, 13 to 0 on Turkey Day morning. In this game, Peabody showed perhaps the best football of the entire season. Although the Newburyport boys have been defeated only once this season, they did not seem to have anything which the Peabody boys lacked. Except for the 82-yard run of Pollard in the second period and Canapas' fine forward passing attack in the last period, the boys from "Bossy" Gillis' home town were not very "bossy" over the Peabody boys.

The line-up:

NEWBURYPORT PEABODY

Ravnor, Cory, le, Cronin, Flynn
 Gilman, lt, rt, Kokoreas, Kimball
 Donahue, lg, rg, G. Manoogian
 Pelletier, Kozec, c, c, Kalleis, Connolly
 E. Plucinski, rg, R. Manoogian
 Sillicki, A. Kerkian, Flaherty, rt

lt, Lingren
 Bishop, re, le, Kapantis, Kodis
 Canapa, Coltin, qb, O'Shea
 Pollard, lhb, rhb, McGuinness (capt.)
 Godfrey, Fellows, R. Kerkian, rhb

lhb, Anderson
 Caddoo, Marston, fb, fb, Cornichuck

Touchdowns—Pollard, Bishop. Point after touchdown—Pollard (drop kick). Referee—Hurley. Umpire—Donovan. Linesman—Reagan. Time—Four 12-minute periods.

INTERCLASS FOOTBALL

Immediately after the last home game was played Coaches O'Connor and Donahue appointed captains for each class. The freshman and sub-freshman classes were combined as they have been in previous years. The captains called for candidates and each team had secret practice sessions. And we mean they were secret; we don't know whether or not the boys on the teams knew the secrets.

In the first game, between the freshman and sophomore classes, the "sophs" emerged victorious after a hard-fought struggle. Many of the boys showed up very well and with a little more experience they will make good varsity material for next year's squad.

Here's the way these class games are run: If you wish to be a player in these games, you must first see your friends on the varsity to see whether or not they have a uniform to fit you. If they have not, you take the nearest size to yours. Although a little stage struck at first, the boys soon become accustomed to playing before large (?) crowds.

In the first interclass game Sylvester, George, Urbanski and Sweeney starred for the sophomores, while Chuskapolo and Nimchick starred for the losers. The sophomore backfield showed up very well on the offense, while the line continually broke through to catch the freshmen backs before they could get started. Sylvester and Urbanski each scored a touchdown for the "sophs" while Capt. George was successful on one of the two chances for the extra point.

The line-up:

SOPHOMORES

Kirstein, re.....le, Perkins
Gourley, rt.....lt, Cody
Staid, rg.....lg, Michaelchuck
Speliotis, c.....c, Speliotis
Trabucco, lg.....rg, McGinn

FRESHMEN

Flynn, lt.....rt, Martin
Vounessa, le.....re, Puska
George (capt.), qb.....qb, Zacki
Sylvester, Urbanski, rhb

lhb, Chuskajolo
Sweeney, lhb.....rhb, Martin
Michaelchuck, fb.....fb, Nimchick

Touchdowns—Sylvester, Urbanski.
Point after touchdown—George (drop kick). Referee—Eddie O'Connor. Umpire—Ed Donahue. Head Linesman—Ed O'Shea. Time—Four 10-minute periods.

Seniors 6—Juniors 0

Good afternoon ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, grandmothers and grandfathers. This is Graham Crackers broadcasting from the Leo Buckley Stadium, Central street, Peabody., Massachusetts, U. S. A. Bill Mundy was going to do the exercising of vocal chords this afternoon, but since it is Tuesday, Mundy refuses to work when the game falls on a Tuesday, since Tuesday is Mundy's day off. Catch on? The boys are warming up and having a little practice down there on the field while the super-enormous-large crowd of 0,000,000,000,000—count those numbers again and see if there isn't 16 of 'em—is awaiting for the whistle. A funny thing about that whistle is, that the officials refuse to supply us with a few cartridges for a gun. There goes the referees' whistle and they're off. Millea, kicking for the seniors boots down to the juniors' 15-yard line. Judge received the ball but was downed in his tracks by a beautiful headlock and spin applied by Ankeles of the seniors. On the next play Birmingham received a kick in the teeth, but wasn't even stunned.

From what we've seen of the first half these boys are as fine a bunch of wrestlers as we've seen in many a day. The funny part of it is that these games are free and you have to pay to see comedies not half so interesting.

What a runner and punter this Lippa boy is. In punting he kicks the ball without moving forward an inch after receiving the ball from the center. It is estimated that he covered about 200 yards on his 30-yard jaunt for the only touchdown of the game. Standing about five yards from the line of scrimmage he received the ball from the center and fumbled it. Scooping it up he ran for his own right end. A left to the jaw felled one would-be tackler, while a swift kick in the shins caused a junior to stop the attempted tackle and have a look at his injured member. Lippa saw an army of juniors coming at him so he gave the command "right about face." After retreating about ten yards, he started for his own left end and soon outdistanced the rest of the juniors.

Now for the star of the Juniors. This Sweeney boy—what a man! If Prince Carnera was the fullback of the Junior team he would not have been able to bring down the passes thrown by Sweeney. Each and every pass of Sweeney's went sailing over the head of the intended receiver. The seniors thought that this man was the best on the junior team.

The line-up:

JUNIORS

Drabick, Cassidy, re

le, O'Keefe (capt.)

Roberts, rt.....lt, Ashton, Kushmick
Parakis, rg.....lg, Schangas, Foster
Stahl, Sweeney, c.....c, Millea
Koulas, lg.....rg, Salpas
Yackovitch, lt.....rt, Kingsley
Cronin, le.....re, Twoomey, Worsencroft
Davis (capt.) qb

qb, Birmingham, Kallelis

Quinlan, Wilson, rhb

lhb, Benator, Ankeles

Dumas, Thomas, lhb

lhb, Murphy, Lippa

Judge, fb.....fb, Kallelis, Okarski

Touchdown—Lippa. Referee—Eddie O'Connor. Umpire—Ed Donahue.

SENIORS

Head Linesman—Michaelchook. Time—Four 10-minute periods.

Sophomores 24—Seniors 0

In the third and final game of the interclass series, the Sophomores defeated the Seniors 24 to 0. This game, like the previous two, was a comedy of errors. The lack of practice and team work was evident. Michaelchook, Sweeney and Tebucco starred for the Sophomores.

The Seniors claim a victory over the Sophomores because the stop watch used by Umpire Donahue was of the Big Ben type—and we don't mean Big Ben Ticknor, either. The senior team alternately starred and saw stars, mostly the latter. Kallelis of the senior team pulled some of this "big time" stuff by appearing on the field with silk pants or some other foreign material (the writer isn't well acquainted with cloth materials).

The Sophomores profited chiefly on the breaks. They made every mistake of the Seniors count to their advantage. The numerous fumbles and poor defensive work proved to be the downfall of the seniors. The second period seemed longer than the Dempsey-Tunney "long count" comparatively speaking. The touchdowns were made by Michaelchook, Sweeney, Urbanski and Tebucco. Ed Donnev, Urbanski and Sylvester.

The line-up:

SENIORS

O'Keefe (capt.) le.....re, Kirstein
Kushmick, Ashton, lt.....rt, Gourley
Schangas, Foster, lg.....rg, Staid
Millea, c.....c, Speliotis
Coulas, rz.....lg, Trabucco
Kingsley, rt.....lt, Flynn
Twoomey, Worsencroft, re

le, Vounessa

Birmingham, Kallelis, qb

qb, George (capt.)

Benator, Ankeles, lhb

rhb, Sylvester, Urbanski

Murphy, Lippa, rhb.....lhb, Sweeney

Kallelis, Okarski, fb.fb, Michaelchook

Touchdowns — Tebucco, Sylvester, Urbanski, Sweeney. Referee—Eddie O'Connor. Umpire—Ed Donahue. Head Linesman—Michaelchook. Time—Four 10-minute periods.

EDITOR'S NOTE

Lest some well-meaning but misguided soul misinterpret our account of the class games as reported by the sports editor, we hasten to assure you that this account is intended to be a development of some of the humorous

aspects of our class contests. Our sports editor, our staff, our school officials all believe that our class games and our intramural contests are among the most important and most beneficial of our school activities.

And of course we are grateful to our physical director, Mr. O'Connor, who believes so firmly in sports for all students rather than too highly concentrated sport activity with a selected few that may comprise a varsity team.

Girls' Athletics

We now stand on the threshold, with the door opening to this season's basketball program. The responsibility of upholding the basketball standing of Peabody High School—and one position is well up toward the top of the ladder of fame—will depend on the six girls who go out on the floor within the next week or so. The jump center who will place the toss into the hands of our side center, by whom it is to be sent to either of our two forwards, who are to score the points for us, must work without hesitation and with finesse. Our two guards must also be on their toes in their defense against the opposing forwards. Their passing must be polished and swift.

But behind these six girls, there must be the girls of the school. We realize the importance of this support, and we are attempting to impress its significance upon every student. Attendance at the games, at the dances and other functions given by the Girls' Athletic Association means much to those who are trying to accomplish these surely worthwhile projects.

THE VARSITY

We attended varsity team practice the other day, and we are sure you would be more than entertained if you returned some afternoon just to witness the splendid effort these girls are making to the end that Peabody High may be represented by an outstanding team.

There are certain points to be stressed by the individual player, and others by the team as a whole. A good basketball player, no matter what position she plays, must be able to catch and throw the ball in lightning form. This necessitates ability to hold a ball after catching it; also to aim it quickly with accuracy and speed. She must hold it long enough to direct her aim, yet not so long as to permit an opponent's advancing to block her pass. Correct timing is therefore a very necessary attribute in a player.

We watched Miss Riley divide the girls into four teams of four players each, and then put them through a fast-passing relay. Only by seeing this could you realize the skill involved. We assure you that it takes

more than superficial machine-like motions to catch the ball while running, come to a dead stop in an instant, and pass it to another player also in motion.

Another relay of the three teams of five in a team developed accurate basket-shooting. Each girl on the varsity is assiduously working up the number of her successful free shots taken from positions on the floor. We understand that some of the squad have reached the ninety mark.

This may give the school an idea of how Captain Helen Barna and Manager Margaret Ryan are leading the team through that door to basketball heights. Members of the varsity squad:

D. Eade, f.....sc, H. Barna
E. Weinstein, f.....sc, K. Harris
D. McKeen, f.....sc, J. Paoluccio
M. MacNamara, f.....sc, Mary Liston
M. Ryan, f.....sc, Rita Maninx
M. Aplin, g.....g, Ruth O'Keefe
V. Negus, g.....g, Eleanor Hayes
R. Beres, g.....g, Ida Kaplan
M. Lynch, g
B. Martin, jc.....lc, S. Kushnieruk

Although the dates are not settled, Miss Riley plans for the girls to play the following teams: Alumni, Marblehead; Manchester, Essex Aggie; Beverly, Newburyport.

League Basketball

League teams are forming for the intra-mural games. These are always sources of much fun. Two tryouts have been held, one on Tuesday, and one on Friday, the week of December the first. The teams will be selected from the following group: Isabelle Balnaves, Jennie Bettencourt, Bernice Blanden, Doris Briggs, Marjorie Edelstein, Helen Godfrey, Tillie Goldberg, Marion Goodale, Mary Horgan,

Miriam Knapp, Sarah Larner, Signie Lindgren, Kay Martin, Lillian Milstein, Lillian Peabody, Dorothy Poor, Nathalie Rich, Selma Rabinovitch, Eleanor Ryan, Eleanor Ryder, Lillian Scangas, Sis Sheery, Mary Smidt, Evelyn Smith, Mary Smith, Jenny Staples, Virginia Trask.

Following the league games, class teams will be chosen.

GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Officers of the Girls' Athletic Association were chosen by popular vote, and are as follows:

President, Helen Barna; vice-president, Ruth O'Keefe; secretary, Mary V. Harkins; treasurer, Catherine Harris.

Slogan: "Sport, not for glory, but for love of the game."—Ruth Ellis.

The G. A. A. hike has been postponed until warmer weather.

For winter activities the girls are planning an ice meet. A committee for the event has been chosen. Chairman, Mary Urbanski; Rose Debinsky and Mae Lynch.

Plans for a bowling league have been started. Genevieve Blaney is chairman of the committee.

If snow and ice enough are on the ground to permit, a sleigh ride may be planned for next month.

NOTES

Plans are under way for a dance to be held after the alumni game. The date has not yet been decided upon. The money raised by this affair is to be used for expenses during the basketball season.

The Eagen girls who shone last year in P. H. S. basketball are playing in Hollywood, California. Mary is bringing us fame as a brilliant forward; Helen, better known to us as "Honey," is a side center.

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The Peabody High School is one institution in the city and the
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They should work in conjunction. The scholars should come right
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and grow up owning one of our bank books. All are welcome.

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